

BULL MOOSE REFUSE TO GET OFF TICKET

Presidential Electors in Minnesota Persist in Maintaining Party Organization.

CLAIMED THEY ARE BACKED BY SMALL FOLLOWING

Democrats of the State Divided on Local Issues—Both Parties Having Trouble.

Special Dispatch to The Star.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., September 16.—In spite of the action of the progressive state committee last July requesting the progressive party presidential electors to withdraw from the Minnesota ticket, so as to unite the Hughes vote on one set of electors, eleven of the twelve "bull moose" electors have failed up to this time to withdraw, and unless they do so by October 10 their names will appear on the ballot. Whether they will quit or not will depend, it is said, on a conference within the next few days, to be attended by John M. Parker and the other members of the progressive national committee who held out against the endorsement of Hughes.

Judge M. D. Purdy, the Minnesota national committee, voted for the Hughes endorsement, and his action was approved by a majority of the progressive state committee, but a minority in Minnesota, headed by State Chairman C. W. Halbert, favors retaining the party. Mr. Halbert is a member of the committee which will meet with Mr. Parker at St. Paul on the outcome of that meeting. Mr. Halbert says the future course in this state will depend.

No Stated Choice for President.

Should the eleven electors remain on the ballot, Secretary of State Schmah says he could not permit them to go on the ballot as "progressives," for Vice President, John M. Parker. They would have no stated choice for President. Even so, some of the electors favor making a stand. E. J. Meier of St. Paul declares that if he is forced on the ballot to vote for Wilson, and that others will do the same, it is asserted that in St. Paul especially there is a good deal of Wilson sentiment among former bull moose.

Republicans, however, believe that fully 50 per cent of the Roosevelt voters of 1912 are now for Hughes. Beyond a doubt 50 per cent of them never left the republican party, or considered themselves anything but republicans. The radical element that persisted in maintaining a party organization is split, but the majority has declared itself for Hughes, and it is believed that the eleven progressive electors could not get better than a scattering vote. In this state they probably will not cut much figure, but in a doubtful state would be a dangerous proposition, and republicans here are wondering how many bull moose electors there are on tickets in other states.

Democrats in Factional Fight.

Two democratic state headquarters were opened this week in Minneapolis, within a block of each other. While a factional fight is responsible for the double-headed headquarters, democratic leaders claim that this unique situation will help Wilson rather than hurt him. The regular party committee headquarters in the Hotel Radisson, in charge of Chairman F. E. Wheaton. He has completed the committee organization by adding Andrew Nelson of Duluth as vice chairman, Fred Schmah of St. Paul as secretary and Louis Betz of St. Paul as treasurer. The committee has organized a big Hennepin county committee with members in each precinct, and will do the same in Ramsey county, St. Paul and St. Louis counties, which embrace Duluth. All the other counties of the state have been asked by Chairman Wheaton to hold mass meetings September 20 to form county committees and Wilson clubs.

The other committee, which holds forth at the Hotel Dyckman, calls itself the volunteer democratic committee and is headed by Z. H. Austin, who says it will form a state-wide organization to work only for Wilson, paying no attention to the state ticket. The volunteers compose the faction opposing National Committee Fred B. Smith, and they assert that Lynch control of the state has hurt Wilson. Mr. Austin says his organization can help Wilson by working for the president in places the Lynch men cannot reach. As for the state ticket, he frankly says that it is foolish to predict success, and he does not propose to "bunk" the voters by claiming anything in Minnesota except a possible Wilson victory.

Republicans Open Headquarters.

The republican committee has finally opened its headquarters in St. Paul and is doing preliminary work for the speaking campaign, which will not open in earnest until about October 1. Major Victor L. Power of Hibbing, "richest village in the world," was chief speaker at a mass meeting in St. Paul Thursday evening, in the interests of the striking Iron miners. Messrs. Iron range. Mr. Power on his arrival in the twin cities announced that there had been an examination of Hibbing's finances, was made public early in the week, asserting charges of mismanagement of funds amounting to over \$60,000, with other facts promised to follow. Mr. Power declared that he reported on the matter to head off his candidacy for governor. Whether so designed or not, it is thought likely that the effect Gov. Burquist says he knew nothing of Power's intention to run for governor.

Congressional Situation.

The congressional situation in the fifth district, which embraces about two-thirds of Minneapolis, is in a modified condition, with entry of a strong independent candidate considered likely. Representative George R. Smith was defeated for renomination in the republican primaries by Ernest Lundeen, the religious issue playing a large part. The prohibition issue is strong here since the fight last fall to eliminate saloons from Minneapolis. Lundeen is classed as "wet," and so is the democratic nominee, M. C. Boye. There is strong feeling against Lundeen for various reasons, not only among Catholics, but among the Scandinavian. The scheme now is to bring out as an independent candidate Peter J. Youngdahl, who was for years superintendent of the state Anti-Saloon League. Petitions asking Youngdahl to run have been circulated, and he is said to be willing if the showing is strong enough. If he gets into the race he will raise the issue of national prohibition, it is said, and will endeavor to concentrate the votes of all the drys on his candidacy. The prohibition candidate, A. J. Marve, would be asked to withdraw in Youngdahl's favor. Both Lundeen and Youngdahl are Scandinavians and former bull moose.

This situation is complicated with the one in the tenth district, which includes the remainder of Minneapolis. Representative Thomas D. Schall is running here for re-election as a progressive. Republicans hope to defeat him this

PROTEST AGAINST EBERHART

The protest against former Gov. A. O. Eberhart's appointment on the advisory committee of the republican national committee was carried this week to western headquarters at Chicago. A Minneapolis committee, consisting of Magnus Martinson, George H. Selover and Joseph Allen, the last named progressive county chairman, waited on A. O. Eberhart in the latter's quarters and represented that the Eberhart appointment would alienate not only progressives, but also many regular republicans who had fought the Eberhart machine in politics. It was finally promised by Mr. Eberhart to add another Minnesota man, representing the other element of the party, to the advisory committee. The delegation agreed to the conference ended with this understanding. The Minnesota men are to agree on the new committee member and send his name to Mr. Eberhart, who will forward it with his O. K. to Chairman Wilcox, in New York. This, it is predicted, will offset the Eberhart appointment and smooth the troubled waters.

MEXICO CELEBRATES HER INDEPENDENCE DAY

Padre Hidalgo's Bell Rung in Capital to Commemorate Revolt in Chihuahua in 1810.

NUEVO LAREDO, Mex., September 16.—With the toll at midnight in Mexico City of the ancient bell once swung in the little chapel of Padre Miguel Hidalgo, the celebration of Mexico's Independence day—September 16—began throughout the country, although without the pomp and splendor of the festivities in years before the country's prolonged civil strife. The sounding of the bell is in commemoration of the night of September 15, 1810, when Senor Don Miguel Hidalgo, priest of the town of Guanaxuato, raised the banner of revolt against the Spaniards, accompanied by a few followers, to arouse the entire country against Spain.

This exercise has been the signal in the past for the chief executive of the country, standing upon a balcony of the National Palace, to give the "grito" or war cry of Padre Hidalgo, "Viva Mexico! Viva la independencia!" followed by the roar of the multitude.

This custom has been observed since Mexico attained her independence from Spain, with the exception of the years of the Hapsburg usurpation. Since the inception of the revolutions in 1810—a century after the revolt of Hidalgo and his followers—there have been various celebrations of the day. During the Mexican revolution the celebration in Mexico City was left to the republicans, but republicans and pomps, although other cities were lacking in enthusiasm. The banner which Hidalgo bore, emblazoned with the portrait of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness saint of Mexico, was carried in the procession. This of itself was sufficient to stir the religious fervor of the Mexicans.

Mexico's Martyr to Liberty.

Padre Hidalgo's first success, 100 years ago, was the taking of the important city of Guanajuato, and for several months thereafter the revolution triumphed. Taken at last through the treachery of one of his subordinates, Hidalgo was tried by both ecclesiastical and military courts, and after receiving the sentence of degradation from his priestly office, the sentence of the ecclesiastical court, he was executed at Chihuahua.

The bell on the little chapel which Hidalgo used on the night his revolution was proclaimed was afterward taken to Mexico City and given as a sacred relic in the National Palace. It is only tolled on the anniversary of the uprising to call the attention of a people to the ceremony about to be observed.

The day is the most important of the national holidays of Mexico, for it commemorates the first revolution against Spanish domination of the Americas, and which, although it lasted eleven years, was the forerunner of those movements which later freed Central and South America.

Since the delicate situation arose between Mexico and the United States some of the military commanders have been careful not to permit any demonstration which might result in a display of anti-American feeling. The celebrations in many quarters, particularly along the border, have consequently lacked the presence of the government troops, which in former years made them so brilliant.

The sessions proposed for this year at the Army War College at Washington may have to be abandoned. The class was organized in the early summer and it was arranged that the session should begin September 15 as in the past. A short time ago the orders were changed and October 15 was set as the opening date. Now another order has been issued postponing indefinitely the time for beginning the next school session.

The changed orders are due, it is said, to the uncertainty of developments in the Mexican situation. At the time when the troops of Gen. Pershing's command will be withdrawn from Mexican territory. The question is under consideration by the joint United States and Mexican commission in session in London. Although both Gen. Pershing and Pershing have recommended the early return of these troops to the United States, the general on the ground that there is no reason for their further retention in Mexico, the War Department hesitates to order their withdrawal under existing conditions.

It is intimated that the joint conference may run on for several weeks and possibly months before an agreement is reached on the subject. It is admitted that the delay in reopening the War College lies in the fact that many of the officers detailed to enter the next class are attached to Gen. Pershing's column in Mexico and cannot be relieved until the military situation in Mexico and on the border is cleared up to the satisfaction of the administration.

Murder in New Orleans Streets.

NEW ORLEANS, September 16.—Seymour Clay, a negro, Wednesday night shot and killed Fortune Jaubert, a wholesale dry goods merchant, and wounded four other persons during a running fight with police and armed citizens.

BIG CROWD ATTENDS POLICE ATHLETICS

First Annual Field Games Started by Revolver Shot at 2 O'Clock This Afternoon.

The policeman strutting the streets in uniform of blue is familiar to all. Those who know him so looked on in surprise at the sturdy band of athletes at American League Base Ball Park this afternoon, and wondered if their eyes deceived them.

These athletes are the same men who guard the peace. They are today competing in the annual field games of the Metropolitan police department.

The games are being held this afternoon for the benefit of widows and orphans of dead members of the department. Long before 2 o'clock, when the starter fired his revolver, sending off a half dozen policemen in the first event of the day, the stands at the park were well filled.

First Annual Field Games.

It was a flying start for the games. Everything had been perfected to make the first event of its kind a banner one. Sixty Boy Scouts were on hand, and saw that the spectators were comfortably seated. A bevy of pretty girls sold programs.

Prizes of cups and medals are offered for the various events. All the competitions are limited to entries from the police force, but there are several additional members of the force.

Patrick McDonald of the New York police department, the Olympic shotput champion, and John J. Elmer, another member of the force, were the Olympic team and former National A. U. high jump champion, and John J. Elmer, record holder and all-around 160-pound national champion, came to Washington to assist in making the meet one long to be remembered. These champions from New York's "finest" are scheduled to give exhibitions of their skill.

A wrestling bout between Detective Joe Grant, former champion middleweight wrestler, and Joe Turner, the present champion, will be interesting. The bout will be held at 7 o'clock, and it is rumored he will go after Turner's crown.

Fourteen events are carded on the program.

Citizens' Committee.

The citizens' committee in charge of the meet consists of: Chairman, Odell S. Smith, vice chairman, Ross P. Andrews, E. C. Brandenburg, D. J. Callahan, Edward F. Coladay, Charles J. Columbus, J. Harry Cunningham, William F. Gude, Robert N. Harper, Melvin C. Hazen, P. T. Moran, James P. Ogster and P. R. Pullman, secretary. Thomas Grant, treasurer, C. J. Gockeler.

Police Relief Association.

Beneficiary of Field Meet,

Formed November 26, 1869

The Metropolitan Police Relief Association, for whose benefit the field games are being given today, is one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the United States, having been formed November 26, 1869.

The purpose of the association is to give immediate financial relief to the widows and orphans of policemen who die either in service or after retirement.

Since 1907, when the association suffered a setback, its reserve fund has been steadily growing. Its reserve fund has been steadily growing. Its reserve fund has been steadily growing.

Keeps Families From Want.

The amount of money given by the relief association, together with the regular pensions, serves to keep many families from actual want and destitution, but the depleted condition of the fund frequently has prevented payments being made promptly and at a time when they were most needed.

As explained by Maj. Pullman, the relief fund is for the purpose of meeting all bills of a deceased policeman, and is not to be confused with the pension fund of the department, which provides simply monthly payments to a deceased policeman's family.

The association is nothing more than a co-operative benefit organization within the department. From the first the association has been conducted without any overhead expense whatever, the members of the association giving their services free.

Gen. Funston has received authority from the War Department to lease 1,017 acres of land adjoining Fort Sam Houston, near El Paso, for a drill ground, which will be, with the present grounds, the largest at any military post in the country.

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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Lightfoot Tells How His Horns Grew.

It is hard to believe what seems impossible. And yet what seems impossible to you may be a very commonplace matter to some one else. So it does not do to say that a thing cannot be done until you have tried it. How it can be, you cannot understand until you have tried it. Lightfoot the Deer had just told him, but somehow he couldn't believe it. You see Lightfoot had just told Peter that the splendid great horns which crowned Lightfoot's head were new and had grown that summer. Do you wonder that Peter found this hard to believe? If he had seen them growing on his head, he would have believed it. But he hadn't seen Lightfoot since the very last of the winter, and then Lightfoot had had just such handsome horns as he now wore, so he really couldn't be blamed for not being able to believe that those had been lost and in their place new ones had grown in just the few months of spring and summer.

So when Peter had asked him about the horns hanging to his horns Lightfoot told Peter that he didn't like to tell things to people who wouldn't believe what he told them. And Peter didn't blame Lightfoot in the least. "I'm trying to believe it," he said quite humbly.

"It's all true," broke in another voice. Peter jumped and turned to find his cousin, Jumper the Hare, sitting near, unseen and unheard, he had stood up and had overheard what Peter and Lightfoot said.

"How do you know it is true?" snapped Peter, a little crossly, for Jumper had started him.

"Because I saw Lightfoot's old horns after they had fallen off, and I often saw Lightfoot while his new horns were growing," retorted Jumper. "All right," I'll believe anything that Lightfoot says, but I won't believe what Jumper says. Lightfoot said that his horns were growing, and I saw them. Lightfoot couldn't resist that. "Please," said the little hare, "I'll tell you the story of the horns which covered the horns while they were growing, as I told you before," said he. "Very soon after my

own horns dropped off the new ones began to grow. They were not hard, not at all like then, as now they were soft and very tender, and the blood ran through them just as it does through our bodies. They were covered with a sort of skin with hairs on it like thin fur. The ends were not sharp pointed as the new ones, but were big and rounded, like knobs. They were not like horns at all, and they made my head hot and were very uncomfortable. That is why I hid away. They grew very fast, so fast that every day I could see by looking at my reflection in water that they were a little longer. It seemed to me sometimes as if all my strength went into those new horns. And I had to be very careful not to hit them against anything. In the first place I would have hurt, and in the second place it might have spoiled the shape of my horns.

When they had grown to the length you now see they began to shrink and grow hard. The knobs on the ends shrank until they became pointed. As soon as they stopped growing the blood stopped flowing in them, and as they became hard they were no longer tender. The skin which had covered them grew dry and split and I rubbed it off with my hands and bushes. The little rags you see are what is left, but I will soon be rid of those. Then I shall be ready to fight if need be, and will fear no one save man, and will fear him only when he has a terrible gun with him."

Lightfoot tossed his head proudly and rattled his wonderful horns against the nearest tree. "Isn't he handsome?" whispered Peter to Jumper the Hare. "And did you ever hear of anything so wonderful as the growing of those new horns in such a short time? It is hard to believe, but I suppose it must be true."

"It is," replied Jumper, "and I tell you, Peter, I would hate to have Lightfoot try those horns on me, even though I were big as a man. You've always thought of Lightfoot as timid and afraid, but you should see him when he is angry. Few people care to face him then."

It was a bad night in February. Snow had been falling all day and was thick upon the sidewalks, and Hans Hansen, janitor for the Aschcania apartments, could see that flakes were still coming down fast.

"It can cold night," he said. As he made his rounds he happened to go to the front door of the luxurious Aschcania, and there in the snow in front of the steps lay a human figure.

It was not a pitiable object, clad in a shawl and a few summer clothes. Instead it was a well dressed man, swaddled in furs. A silk hat, which had been much abused, lay on one side, several feet away from the head where it ought to have been perched; but Hans Hansen, being a janitor and not a detective, did not deduce from this that the man in the furs had fallen. In fact, Hans Hansen could not tell whether the man had laid himself

HEARD AND SEEN HERE AND THERE.

By Earl Godwin.

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achy and grateful Hans would go around and perhaps receive a dollar for his thoughtfulness. He remembered once before he had saved a rich man's life and received a quarter. However, prices had risen, and lives might be worth a dollar. Anyhow, he'd try it; and, besides, the man who owned the Aschcania might not like it if one of his best tenants froze to death outside the door. If there was any freezing to be done, let it be done right there in the house.

So Hans and his load mounted to the third floor, leaving a fine alcoholic trail behind him. He opened the door of apartment 36 and switched on the light. There was a lot of drapery and hangings, and Hans was quick to get a moment, as he could not find a bed on which to lay his burden. However, he soon saw what he was looking for, and heaved the young man straight through the hangings, which were very thick and red.

Then he went downstairs again puffing. An hour later he was making his rounds again and happened to step outside. There in the snow lay another man. No! It wasn't another man at all, as Hans discovered when he turned it over with a slight push in the face with his boot, but it was the same man he had carried upstairs before.

"It can cold night," said Hans, and picked up the load once more. Mounting the stairs again to apartment 36, he tossed his dissipated friend through the hangings, making the same mistake over with a long fur coat from the rest of the night.

That was after midnight. One o'clock struck and Hans went on his rounds once more, and again he found a man lying in the snow. Turning it over with a long fur coat from the again found that his little friend from 36 was not once more.

"It can cold night," he said, and shouldered the load. Once more he tossed it in through the hangings and asked it please not to disturb him any more that night.

A half hour later, a rude policeman disturbed Hans as he slumbered by his furnace.

"Hey, youse," said the policeman, "one of your tenants is out here in the snow."

Hans stumbled out of the furnace room, and there on the snow in front of the Aschcania he saw a man lying in the snow. Hans stumbled out of the furnace room, and there on the snow in front of the Aschcania he saw a man lying in the snow.

Then he looked around. "Where is the bed?" he asked. Hans lay his end of the load on the edge of a chair, and pointed to the hangings where he had put it to bed several times before that night.

The police laid his end of the load down and went over to examine the thing that Hans called a bed. He pulled the hangings apart.

"You fool," said the policeman, "that's no bed. That's the window."

"You fool," said the policeman, "that's no bed. That's the window."

Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture, was one of the prize demonstrators who went to Maine in order to stem the republican tide, and get away while the freezing was good. He was scheduled to speak one night in a

country town, but arrived there in the afternoon. He sat around the grocery store for an hour or two listening to gossip and not divulging his identity. A woman came in: "Where you going, Lucy?" asked a friend. "Goin' to the public speakin' tonight," she said, and then, turning to the store clerk, said: "Give me a dozen eggs."

At this point Carl Vrooman became acutely interested in the conversation. "And make them fresh," he suggested. "I am one of the speakers."

One of them said: "Where's yo' white folks gone?" The other one answered: "They done gone to dish yer place what sound like you miss Mississippi, but you really means Minneapolis, and even den yo' ain't got it right."

St. Louis has one factory which will this year consume 100,000,000 feet of lumber.

Dr. Frederick Munz, dean of the theological department of Central Wesleyan College at Warrenton, Mo., has died of typhoid fever. Dr. Munz was at one time national president of the Epworth League.

HOPE FOR CHILD CRIPPLES. Ford Motor Company Provides Unlimited Fund for Treatment.

WELLESLEY, Mass., September 16.—Announcement that an unlimited fund has been set aside by the Ford Motor Company of Detroit to be devoted to the treatment of crippled children throughout the country who are in need of orthopedic or surgical care is made by the Rev. Samuel S. Marquis, head of the Ford educational department.

Speaking at a conference of business men here, he said a fund originally had been created for the use of crippled in the families of the employees of the concern. Because of its limitations, however, another fund had been provided for, he said, to be devoted to children throughout the country who need treatment and have not the means to pay for it.



She was going to the public speakin' and wanted eggs.

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